

Santa

-Okay. Don't respect me, but respect the uniform!

-Fuck you Santa! Junkie and boozier!

-Santa transcendent! He beats the odds!

-Oh yeah? Well, remembering yet another chapter:
I'm not about to let any kid of mine sit on your lap.

-Oh ye of little faith!

-Uh huh. Well, it's never been a problem. Quite the opposite.

-Well, fuck you squared! And all the way from the North Pole!
Up your smug ass from Donner and Blitzen! Plus the three
wise men for good measure!

-Stay with the secular. It forms a nation surrounded by swamps of
fools, knaves, and maniacs. Of myths and of The Church.

-Where's the romance in you?

-Killed by aforementioned.